The Squeeze Before the Shine

Before a seed opens, it feels only pressure.

Before a soul brightens, every hidden weight rises to the surface.

The process looks like breaking, but it’s only the shell remembering how to part.

Those who are near the edge aren’t failing; they’re the first to feel the new air.

The light doesn’t spare them—it asks everything.

And still, after the noise, a strange calm arrives, thin as dawn.

No slogan, no moral. Just breath returning, and the faint shimmer of what remains:

clean, raw, alive.

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